

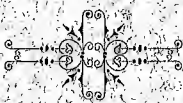


MEMORY'S TRIBUTE

♦♦♦TO♦♦♦

Alexander Clark,

Divine, Author, Editor



To the Editor,

With the compliments of

CLARK MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

"MEMORY'S TRIBUTE" is sold at twenty-five cents; proceeds for the
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ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.

MEMORY'S TRIBUTE

TO THE

REV. ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.,

—LATE—

EDITOR OF "THE METHODIST RECORDER,"

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Died

JULY 6, 1879, AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA,

7.30 P. M.

"A princee and a great man has fallen this day in Israel."

PITTSBURGH, PA.:

PRESS OF C. A. SCOTT, 132 FIFTH AVENUE.

1879.

ALEXANDER CLARK, D. D.

BY J. P. JOHNSTON.

O, loved in youth, and in maturer days
New deeply mourned—companion once and guide!
Thy generous life, by meekness glorified,
Hath left thy name a theme for shining praise.
For thou wert pure, and with unfaltering gaze
Followed thy spirit's light—nor turned aside
For empty lure of sacerdotal pride,
Whereby the world its fulsome homage pays
To gifted souls. Among the lofty hills
Thy youth was reared, remote from learning's mart,
Where Nature's voice her hallowed temple fills.
Not classic lore, nor cold scholastic art—
God's living breath, which holiest thought instills,
Inspired thy creed, and made thee great of heart.

—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY JOHN SCOTT, D. D.

After the copy for this little memorial volume was placed in the hands of the printer, and but a short time allowed for the matter to be put to press, the writer of this was requested to prepare a brief sketch of the life of the lamented Dr. Alexander Clark, to precede the addresses delivered on the occasion of the memorial services held in the First Methodist Protestant Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 11, 1879. Pressed by other duties, and not having time to procure the necessary data, this sketch is necessarily brief and imperfect. Its preparation was undertaken, however, as an office of love, and its meagerness and imperfection do not result from any lack of appreciation for the deceased, but from the causes already named. The life of our esteemed brother, were time and opportunity afforded, would furnish ample material for an extensive volume instead of this imperfect tribute.

The Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D. was the eldest son of Samuel and Christina Clark, and was born in the southeastern part of Jefferson County, Ohio, on the 10th day of March, 1834. His father was of Scotch-Irish descent, and his mother was born in the Highlands of Scotland. Almost as a matter of course, they were both members of the Presbyterian Church. Under the influences of that denomination Dr. Clark was trained up from his childhood. His father was a classical scholar, and a teacher by pro-

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profession, so that young Clark enjoyed the advantages of early and competent instruction at home. Beyond this he attended the common schools of his neighborhood, and made such progress in his studies that when but really a boy, he became himself a teacher, and taught his first school in an old log school-house on Yellow Creek, near the place of his birth, and he afterward taught in several other places in the same region for a period of six or seven years. The "Old Log School-house," where he taught his first school, he has rendered famous in a racy volume bearing that title.

Dr. Clark appears always to have possessed a literary taste, and indulged in writing verse from his boyhood. It is said that he was rather an awkward boy, and did not then give much promise of a brilliant future. A lady informs me that when she was but a little girl and he a "big boy," she heard him spoken of as a poet, and her curiosity was greatly excited to see him, as she was anxious to see how a poet, whom she supposed to be some sort of a superior being, looked. But when she saw Mr. Clark, and got a good view of him, her idea of poets was somewhat changed, and she did not regard them as peculiarly attractive. But this awkward youth developed into a man of graceful, attractive, and winning manners.

After having taught school for several years, his health being poor, he was advised by his physician to change his pursuits. He then conceived the idea of starting a magazine, especially adapted to the wants of young people in our public schools. After revolving the matter in his mind, and maturing his plans, he procured printing materials, and commenced the publication of the *Schoolday Visitor*, in Knoxville, Ohio, a little village in his native county, and near his early home. This was an important adventure, and manifested far more than ordinary enterprise and pluck. In the beginning of this enterprise Mr. Clark was editor, compositor, pressman, and man of all work. He

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had no experience as an editor, and no knowledge whatever of the printing business; yet he selected the copy, wrote the editorials, and by persevering effort learned to set type, make up forms, run a press, fold papers, make up a subscription list, and do everything connected with the publication of a paper. In acquiring this knowledge, however, he sometimes met with mishaps. On one occasion, in removing a "form" from one place to another, he was so unfortunate as to "pi" it, but gathering up his materials and placing them in a wash tub, he removed them to his home, and patiently sat down and picked the letters out one by one.

To the labor of editing and printing his paper, he added that of soliciting agent, traveling extensively, and visiting the public schools to introduce his paper, and procure subscribers for it. At that time he acquired a taste for travel, and a facility for preparing editorial matter while on the wing, which appeared to increase throughout his after years.

His literary venture, commenced under very unfavorable circumstances, proved a success, and the subscription list of the *Schoolday Visitor* finally ran up to thirty thousand. At length it was transferred to another party, and ultimately was merged in the *St. Nicholas*.

Although Dr. Clark was brought up in the Presbyterian Church, under Calvinistic training, he embraced Arminian views, and was converted and united with the Methodist Protestant Church in Wellsville, Ohio.

In September, 1862, Dr. Clark, having been previously licensed to preach, united with the Pittsburgh Conference, in Allegheny City, Pa., and was appointed to the pastorate of New Brighton Station, which he served with acceptance during the year. The following year he was associated with the Rev. T. H. Stockton, as assistant pastor, in a church in Philadelphia. The two following years he served as pastor of Union Chapel, an independent Meth-

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odist Church in Cincinnati, Ohio. Here he made many friends, and acquired the reputation of a popular preacher. In 1866 he was called to the pastorate of the First Methodist Protestant Church in Pittsburgh, Pa., which he served with great acceptability to the congregation for four successive years. In 1870, on the resignation of the writer of this as editor of *The Methodist Recorder* and the Sunday-school papers of the church, he was elected by the Board of Publication to fill the unexpired term to the session of the General Conference, to meet in Pittsburgh, in the following year. At this conference Dr. Clark was re-elected to the position of editor for the term of four years. And at the expiration of that time, he was again elected at the General Conference held in Princeton, Illinois, in May, 1875. Two years subsequently, at the Union Convention, held in Baltimore, Maryland, at which the Northern and Southern branches of what was formerly the Methodist Protestant Church were united, he was again elected to the same position. At the time of his death he was in the ninth year of his service as editor of the publications of the church.

Mr. Clark when a young man, was united in marriage with Miss Annie Daughaday, an estimable young lady, who was raised in the same neighborhood with himself, who proved a most worthy companion, and cheered and comforted him in the midst of all his anxieties and labors. The result of this union was nine sons and two daughters, all of whom are now living. The oldest daughter, Alice, is married to Mr. Thomas K. Davidson, a very worthy young man, who resides in the East End, Pittsburgh. The oldest son, Edward, is in business with his uncles, Messrs. J. W. Daughaday and William M. Clark, in Philadelphia, Pa. The other nine children are now at home, the youngest being about three years old.

During the years of Dr. Clark's active service as pastor and editor, he found time, in addition to his other labors,

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for extensive travel and authorship. He visited California and almost every State in the Union, attending conferences, dedicating churches, delivering lectures, or seeking to recuperate his physical energies. He represented his church as fraternal messenger in the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in this country, and in 1876 he visited Europe, and attended the British Wesleyan Conference, and nearly all the conferences of the other Methodist bodies in England. He was received by all of them with great cordiality, and his fraternal addresses delivered before them were a credit to his head and heart, and an honor to the church which he so ably represented.

Dr. Clark was the author of some half dozen or more volumes, which were received by the public with favor, and some of which were republished in England. His first publication was entitled "The Old Log School-house." This was followed by "Schoolday Dialogues," then "The Gospel in the Trees," then "Workday Christianity," then "Starting Out." His last work was "Summer Rambles in Europe," embracing sketches of travel in England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and France. Besides these he was the author of some smaller publications. He also compiled "The Voice of Praise," the hymn book now in use by the Methodist Protestant Churches in the North and West. In addition to writing profusely for his own paper, he was a frequent contributor to other journals, and performed a great deal of literary labor in other ways. Some of his best articles in *The Recorder*, while he was editor, appeared under a *nom de plume*.

By the force of his native talent, and incessant application, Dr. Clark acquired a national reputation as a man of fine literary taste, and marked ability as a writer, preacher and lecturer. As an editor he had few equals, and, in the estimation of many, no superior. He was honored with

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the friendship of William Cullen Bryant, and many other leading literary men of the day. The colleges recognized his talent, and bestowed upon him their honors. In 1865 he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Mt. Union College, Ohio, and the same honor was conferred upon him the same year by Otterbein University, Ohio. In 1875 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware. These honors were fully earned, and appropriately bestowed.

On the 26th day of May, 1879, Dr. Clark left home, in poor health, to deliver the annual literary address at the Commencement of Yadkin College, North Carolina, and fulfill a few lecture engagements in the South. After lecturing in Richmond, Virginia, on his way, he reached Greensboro, North Carolina, on the 1st of June, and was the guest of the Rev. J. L. Michaux. Here he was taken ill, but after a few days he rallied, and by permission of his physician, although very feeble, he went to Yadkin, a distance of forty miles, and delivered his address before a crowded audience on the afternoon of June 5th. The labor, however, was more than his strength could bear, and the next day he took a relapse. But after a few days, with careful nursing, he again rallied, and on the 10th of June he returned to Lexington, from which place, on the evening of the 11th, he took passage for Atlanta, Georgia, although extremely feeble. He reached that place the following day, and took lodgings at a hotel. But His Excellency, Governor A. H. Colquitt, hearing of his arrival and illness, went to the hotel in person, and had him removed to the executive mansion, where he received every attention which love could bestow. But the skill of physicians and the kind ministries of dear friends could not arrest the progress of his disease. Yet, amid all his suffering and pain, he was calm and resigned. On the 13th, in a letter to Rev. J. L. Michaux, he sent the following message to

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his friends in North Carolina: "Say to them how I love them. Tell them I am patient—trying to get towards home, and my love for the Saviour abounds more and more." When visited by Bro. Michaux on the 23d of June, he said to him: "I have been very ill, but am better, though still very weak. The doctor says I must not talk. I have been at death's door, but *right in the gate of heaven*." "At another time," says Bro. Michaux, "he spoke how good the Lord had been to him, and how much He had blessed him. He spoke of the valley of the shadow of death—said it was only the 'valley of the *shadow* of death,' adding, 'I know it, for I have been there.'"

On the 24th of June his son Edward arrived from Philadelphia, and remained with him till the end. He was the only member of his family who was able to be with him at any time during his illness. Far from home and the dear ones he loved, he was called to suffer and die. On Sunday evening, July 6th, he breathed his last, just as the church bells were giving the first signals for evening worship, and so calmly that those who sat by his bedside, and his devoted son, who clasped his hand, were not certain of the moment when he took his final leave. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

After appropriate services, at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, July 7th, his remains, having been placed in a metallic coffin, or burial case, left Atlanta, in care of his son, in a special car, by way of Louisville, for Pittsburgh, where they arrived at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 9th, William Clark, the only brother of the deceased, arriving on a train from the East at the same hour. The remains had been expected at that time, and all the necessary arrangements for the funeral had been made by a committee of the Board of Publication and of the Pittsburgh Preachers' Meeting.

Through the kindness of the officers of the Cleve-

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land and Pittsburgh Railroad, a special car was placed at the disposal of the committee for the accommodation of friends desiring to attend the funeral at Wellsville, the home of Bro. Clark's family, fifty miles west of Pittsburgh. The train left the Union Depot at 8.40 a. m., and arrived at Wellsville about 11 o'clock a. m. Quite a large number of ministers and friends from Pittsburgh accompanied the remains. On the arrival of the train at Wellsville, the casket was taken to the family residence, a beautiful home on the banks of the Ohio, where, at 2.30 p. m., the funeral services took place. The afternoon was unpleasant, a light, drizzling rain falling continuously, as if in harmony with the feeling of sadness and gloom which appeared to have settled on the large multitude of friends assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom all loved and honored. The services were necessarily brief. Rev. M. B. Taylor, of Beaver Falls, read the Scriptures, Rev. D. Trueman, of Wellsville, announced the hymn, Dr. John Scott, of Sharpsburg, and Dr. A. M. Reid, President of the Female College, Steubenville, Ohio, made brief addresses. Rev. J. B. Lucas, of East Liverpool, led in prayer, and Dr. John Cowl, of Port Homer, pronounced the benediction. The remains were then taken to their last resting place, and deposited in a beautiful spot in the Spring Hill Cemetery, on high ground overlooking the village of Wellsville and the Ohio river, the following persons acting as pall-bearers: J. J. Gillespie, President of the Board of Publication, and Dr. T. W. Shaw, also a member of the Board; John J. Murray, D. D., pastor of the First Methodist Protestant Church, Pittsburgh, and Henry T. Reeves, of the Methodist Protestant Church, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania; Alfred Wheeler, D. D., editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, Pittsburgh, and W. B. Watkins, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Scwickley, Pennsylvania; Rev. James Robison, Publishing

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Agent, and Rev. M. A. Parkinson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Industry, Pennsylvania.

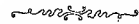
Although Dr. Clark died among strangers, yet he was buried in the midst of his friends. His aged father and mother, both of whom are now over eighty, his wife and eleven children, his only brother and two sisters, together with a large concourse of neighbors, and friends from near and far, were present at his funeral. With gentle hands the remains of this endeared husband, this loving father, this honored minister and faithful servant of the church were laid away to their rest, until the Angel of the Resurrection shall bid them rise.

Dr. Clark was a man of genius, noble-hearted, kind-spirited, and full of the charity of the Gospel. A son of toil, with indomitable will, in physical weakness and straightened circumstances, he nobly battled against difficulties under which others would have succumbed. From a poor country boy, without the advantages of wealthy parentage or collegiate culture, he raised himself by his own unaided efforts to an enviable place in the world of letters, and compelled recognition from the learned and the great. He was a Christian of sincere faith, and broad catholic views. All the impulses of his nature were sympathetic and responsive. In his death he was mourned by all classes, by all denominations, and by all parties. His life presents an example which should stimulate young men, even in the midst of the greatest difficulties, to hopeful and persevering effort in the performance of their life-work.

Our dear brother has finished his course; the conflict is ended, the victory is won.

"Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in thy peaceful tomb;
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here, in the place where once the Saviour lay,

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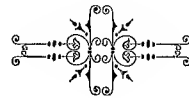


Where he shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest.

“ Rest, freed spirit!

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest!”

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A service in memory of the lamented Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D., was held on Friday afternoon, July 11, 1879, in the First Methodist Protestant Church, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh.

The large edifice was well filled by a deeply interested audience. A few members of Dr. Clark's family, embracing three sons, a daughter, his brother, one sister, and a few other near relatives, were provided with seats in the middle aisle, while the ministers of the Methodist Protestant Church and a large number of divines of other denominations had seats on the opposite side of the same aisle.

Under the direction of a florist, assisted with exquisite taste by loving friends of the deceased, the church was decorated with beautiful simplicity. At the base of the desk, within the altar, where the deceased had often officiated in his capacity as minister, growing plants were placed in an attractive manner. From the moss in the center, vines were run so as to reach either corner of the desk, and in the center was a mammoth calla lily, the pure whiteness of which contrasted beautifully with the deep green of the plants and vines. The posts supporting the lamps at either side of the desk were draped with crape and smilax, and at the base on one side was a large anchor, while at the other side was a cross artistically worked in white flowers. On either side of the desk was a vase filled with beautiful flowers, and on these vases rested a piece on

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which appeared the simple but expressive word, "Rest." On the wall in the rear of the pulpit was a large portrait of the deceased, draped with crape and smilax. These decorations were beautiful in their simplicity, and accorded with the tastes so often expressed by the deceased.

The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. J. J. Murray, pastor of the church, and were opened shortly after two o'clock, with a voluntary by the choir, led by Mr. Frank Rinehart,

"And he shall wipe away all tears."

Rev. David Jones, of New Brighton, read selections from the Scriptures, after which Rev. George B. McElroy, D. D., of Adrian College, led in prayer. The choir then sang the 888th hymn, which was announced by Rev. John Gregory, of New Cumberland, West Virginia, commencing:

"How blest the righteous when he dies,"

after which the following addresses were made by the gentlemen named:

REMARKS OF DR. SCOTT.

Rev. John Scott, D. D., President of the Pittsburgh Conference, and one of Dr. Clark's most intimate friends, spoke as follows:

The present service is designed as a tribute of respect to the memory of our dear, departed brother, Rev. Dr. Alexander Clark. It is befitting and proper that his friends should give public expression to their high appreciation of his many manly and Christian qualities, his intellectual ability, and his great moral worth.

God has so constituted us that we instinctively admire the grand and beautiful in nature; and whatever objects possess these properties in a high degree, standing out distinctly from the more common ones that surround them, attract and fix our attention. The same is true in reference

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to the mental and moral characteristics of men. Some men possess such a combination of mental and moral qualities, or develop such a degree of mental and moral power, as marks them distinctly from their fellows, lifts them above the common mass, and gives them such a beauty and strength of character, that we can not but esteem and admire them. And while such characteristics are worthy of our admiration and esteem, it is entirely proper that they should be suitably recognized and publicly commended.

In his traits of mind and heart, of mental force and culture, of grace and manly Christian virtues, Dr. Alexander Clark was more than an ordinary man, and by his individualism and force of character impressed himself deeply upon the public mind, and wielded a large influence in moulding public thought. Possessed of a poetic genius and highly nervous temperament, his mind was deeply sensitive, and instinctively received impressions of the beautiful, as the prepared plate, under the influence of the light, receives in full outline the image of the object designed to be impressed upon it. And not only did he perceive the beautiful, but he possessed uncommon ability to present to others those images of beauty which so deeply impressed his own mind. Hence, as a speaker and writer, his style was always perspicuous, and his productions studded with gems of thought, that sparkled like diamonds in a crown of beauty. Like the sun, which is ever pouring forth his rays without diminishing in strength, he appeared to be capable of presenting these creations of beauty in almost endless variety, and without any decrease in their attractiveness and power.

Dr. Clark was far beyond the average of men in his ability to work. Work appeared to be his recreation. His mind was one of uncommon activity, ever prompting him onward into varied fields of activity and usefulness. But few men possess the ability to perform so great an amount

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of work, and perform it so thoroughly and well. He had a passion for work; and he compressed the labors of an ordinary life of three-score years and ten into his brief allotment of forty-five years. His editorial labors for the last nine years, his pulpit ministrations, his lecture services, his official and private correspondence, his travel by night and day, in home and foreign lands, together with almost endless and not easily defined claims upon his attention, were literally immense. How he performed such an amount of labor is not easily conceived. But the flame that gave light to others at length consumed him.

In his private intercourse, Dr. Clark was one of the most genial and companionable of men. Simple and unassuming, kind and affectionate, he won the esteem alike of young and old. His own great heart, by the magnetism of its love, attracted other hearts to himself. Hence his friends were so numerous, without regard to ecclesiastical, political, or social distinctions. Every one who intimately knew him, and who was not influenced by envy or sordid motives, recognized in him a brother and a friend. On examining his correspondence, which for weeks together, on several occasions, passed through my hands, this fact was deeply impressed upon my mind. Letters came from all parts of the country, asking for his influence and aid in obtaining official position, or daily employment, or for direction in study, or for a criticism on some literary performance, or for sympathy in trouble—for some sort of influence, or counsel, or sympathy which only a friend could give. No wonder he had friends, for he was no man's enemy, and never spoke unkindly of any, even of those who sometimes sought to do him injury.

His piety was deep and sincere, though unostentatious and unobtrusive. I knew him as perhaps but few persons did. Having occupied the same official position, and being familiar with its difficulties, perplexities and trials, he knew that I could sympathize with him in his troubles, and

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he often opened his heart to me in the most unreserved confidence, revealing the secret springs of his inner life, and exhibiting his simple, child-like, confiding trust in God. I entered his office one day, when a great sorrow was on his heart. He told me the cause of his grief. And while the tramp of busy feet was above us and below us, and the confusion of business all around us, he arose and locked his office door, and asked me to unite with him in prayer to the great Father who knows the sorrows of all his children's hearts. We bowed together, and sent up our united prayers, and arose comforted. He said, "I feel better. I think God will answer our prayer. Don't you?" So simple, so confiding! He frequently referred to that circumstance, expressing his unwavering belief that God directly answered the prayers which were then offered to him. This is but one instance of his simple, child-like faith. Dr. Clark's kindness to unbelievers, for which some were disposed to censure him, did not arise from any sympathy with their unbelief; but he had learned beyond many of his brethren the Christly lesson, to "hate the sin, and yet the sinner love."

We do not claim that Bro. Clark was perfect. He had his weaknesses as well as other men. But, taking him all in all, but few men perhaps were more free from these defects than our dear, departed brother.

Truly "a prince and a mighty man in Israel has fallen." In the death of Alexander Clark the church and the community at large have sustained a great and irreparable loss. We shall not look upon his like again. We shall never again hear his voice, nor grasp his hand in this world; but his image, and the memory of his love, shall be enshrined in our heart of hearts, until we overtake him, and greet him where parting will be unknown.

If we feel so sensibly *our* loss, how keenly, O how keenly must our dear Sister Clark, on her bed of affliction, feel it! and the orphaned children, who will hear their

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father's footfall no more upon their threshold! Let me commend them to your sympathy and prayers.

REMARKS OF DR. DRINKHOUSE.

Rev. Dr. E. J. Drinkhouse, editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, Baltimore, said:

After traveling all night from Springfield, Ohio, from the sessions of the Annual Council of the Methodist Protestant Church, which closed yesterday at 5 p. m., and of which Dr. Clark was a member, in virtue of his official position as editor of *The Methodist Recorder*, I am here, with Rev. Dr. McElroy, of Adrian College, to represent the Council, as well as our respective institutions of College and Book Concern at Baltimore. With this intent it may be proper that I should introduce such remarks as I may offer by reading a paper of condolence from the Annual Council, that it may be a permanent record of the memorial service:

WHEREAS, We have heard with unfeigned sorrow, tempered with Christian resignation, of the demise of Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D., a member of this Council, and editor of *The Methodist Recorder* and Sunday-school papers published at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; therefore,

Resolved, That we place upon the records of the Council this expression of our condolence with his bereaved and afflicted wife and children, as well as his aged parents, brother and sisters.

Resolved, That we recognize his personal worth as a brother in Christ and the ministry of His Gospel; as an educated Christian gentleman, the talented writer and devoted worker in every position of responsibility assigned him by the church of his intelligent choice; as an official editor, winning for himself rare eminence, and commanding the respect of his peers in journalism; as a faithful pastor, loving his people, and requited with tenderest affection and remembrances in return; as husband and father over a large household, whose comfort and welfare consumed his anxious thought and unremitting toil by day and night; as true in his

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friendships, helpful in spirit, generous in impulse and deed; the unflinching advocate of the right, and ever exhibiting a catholicity wide as a sin-cursed world.

Resolved, That his early removal oppresses us with a sense of personal loss, and creates a vacancy in the laborious position he so efficiently filled for a series of years which our short human sight, amid the shock of his providential departure, views as a permanent void.

Resolved, That the fervent prayers and practical sympathies of the entire church should be extended the widow and fatherless in this hour of their deep sorrow and irreparable loss, while we commend them to God and the word of His grace, in full assurance of his peaceful rest among the redeemed.

Resolved, That grateful acknowledgments be extended to Governor and Mrs. Colquitt, of Atlanta, Georgia, for their Christian hospitality and faithful nursing of our brother during his illness at their far southern home, and other kind friends who ministered to him, of our own and other churches.

Resolved, That these resolutions be requested publication in the official journals, and a copy transmitted to his family and Governor Colquitt.

On the morning succeeding the day he left Pittsburgh for his trip through the South, to fulfill some lecture and other engagements, he came into my office, and as he approached me, with his accustomed warmth of greeting, I saw that he was paler than his wont. He threw himself into my "easy chair," and, after the usual compliments of meeting, observing that I was looking anxiously at him, and, divining my thoughts, he said: "When I arose yesterday morning, I found I had a fever, but I said, I can't have a fever, I have engagements to fill;" and then assuming his blindest but most resolute manner, he added, "I won't have a fever!" This was eminently characteristic of him, and reveals one of the great springs of his active life, and the indirect cause of his premature death. There was iron in his blood—there was iron in his will. Notwithstanding his frail physique, he made himself by sheer resolution equal to all occasions. It is said that to know a

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man you must live under the same roof with him. Perhaps the next best way to know one is to travel with him. If I did not have the former privilege, I had the latter very fully, sharing the same Pullman birth, the same car seat, the same table, on journeys of weeks which grew into months. I became intimate with him, and shared largely his confidence. When he reached Atlanta, on his attempted homeward trip, after lecturing in North Carolina, and at an early stage of his illness, I received the following letter from him, written from Governor Colquitt's mansion, in which he died, and, if not the latest he ever wrote with his own hand, certainly among the last. The hand is a little tremulous, showing the progress disease was making in his system. I will read it, as it discloses much that was characteristic of the man:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, June 12, 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I am this far on my round-about way home from Yadkin College, weary and weak, scarcely able for the journey before me; but I am going in easy stages, and losing no strength while gaining but little, if any, on the way. The kindnesses of these Southern people are without limit. Sometime I hope to tell you of it; it is too sacred to write.

I have been nervously prostrated for near twelve days, accompanied by a trouble peculiar to the season of the year, reducing my vitality to the minimum. But I am convalescent. My hope is un-failing; and my faith in God firmer than ever, whatever He wills. He is my Father and can not err. I lean upon Him. Precious letters from home bring comfort. Ah, some words are like cold water to the thirsty soul!

One thing is sure: I must rest. Rest is life. Work is sweet; but rest is life.

This is a wandering letter, from a wanderer, going toward home. It may assure you and my dear friends in Maryland and elsewhere that I am still spared, still happy in my Saviour, and that I am trying to live.

To-day, hearing of my illness at the hotel, Governor Colquitt went in person for me, and brought me to his own home, the Executive Mansion, a paradise among the trees; and here I have every

REMARKS OF DR. DRINKHOUSE.

possible attention. The Governor, amidst all his official duties, has time to be the Christian brother.

I expect to push northward *via* Nashville, where I have some business connected with our Sunday-school papers, in a day or two.

Affectionately,

ALEXANDER CLARK.

How prophetic are those words: "This is a wandering letter, from a wanderer, going toward home."

Dr. Clark was a man of ceaseless activity. Of a kind and helpful spirit, he made obligations, which grew upon him, and so keeping him under constant pressure. It was difficult for him to say "No." He laid burdens upon himself which have prematurely finished his career. Of him it may be said, as of another son of genius:

"He winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

But I am admonished not to take too much of your time. Dr. Clark had a weak side to his character, as who among us has not? He was jealous of his reputation. His nature responded to the faintest word of censure or praise with more than aspen sensibility. He coveted the good opinion of others. Under criticism and adversity he was depressed in fearful measure. Under kind and complimentary words he was elated, and took a child-like pleasure in and encouragement from them. Unequal as he seemed to be, when an unfriendly storm beat upon him, he rapidly recovered his resolute mind, and then he pursued his way unflinchingly. It would be a great mistake to suppose that because the bulrush bowed itself, the stem was broken. He compressed a great amount of work in a very short time. Even when traveling, a pause of half an hour at a way station was improved by him. The quickness of thought, and the facile pen he possessed, enabled him, amid the most adverse surroundings, to throw off "editems," as he was fond of calling them. His busy fingers never tired. Judged by the amount of work he

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did in his comparative short life, Dr. Clark was about seventy years old, for, as the poet has well expressed it:

"We live in deeds, not years."

In the death of Dr. Clark, you, of the North and West of this church, have met with as great a loss as we of the East and South, eighteen years ago, in the death of the much lamented Dr. E. Yeates Reese, for twenty years editor of the *Methodist Protestant*.

He is gone from us in his manly strength, and I know no more fitting way to close these random remarks than to cite from his "Gospel in the Trees" a paragraph aptly suggestive both of his literary style and the tone of his piety. Elaborating the cedar as a symbol of Christian life, he says: "So, if you are a true disciple of the Lord, you will be fitted to useful living here, and eternal living in heaven—not in ease, not in sunshine, not in quiet, not in idleness, not in luxury; but rather you will be sanctified by work, by care, by antagonism, by affliction; you will be the Christian anywhere and everywhere; you will cheerfully breast the wild drift of persecution for the sake of the discipline it brings; you will realize the dignity of personal accountability to Christ, independent of family or sectarian prestige, as the cedar, which draws and uses power in its appointed place, uncompromised with any other vegetation under the sun; you will find your highest, brightest thoughts in praise to God, and diffuse the incense of your love to heaven and earth the same. . . . Yes, if converted and Christ-imaged, you will grow stronger with every added day, and be developed the more by every added adversity; bereavement, loss and sorrow enlarging in heart and mind and soul as you live and are tempted, standing firm on the rock till you die. And then being dead, your memory shall speak to succeeding generations, as the fragrance of the cedar breathes evermore when its foliage has departed, and its branches have laid low in the dust."

REMARKS OF DR. THOMPSON.

REMARKS OF DR. THOMPSON.

Rev. C. L. Thompson, D. D., pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, said:

I appreciate the courtesy that gives me a place on this platform, for I take a mournful pleasure in laying upon this new grave one leaf of grateful memory. I am proud to say Alexander Clark was my friend. Our acquaintance began in Cincinnati ten years ago. I met him only occasionally, but soon learned to prize the generous and noble qualities that were so conspicuous in his character. In Chicago, a year ago last spring, I was sick, and Dr. Clark very kindly came to take my place in my pulpit. With what intellectual brightness and spiritual power he preached that day, and with what physical exhaustion too! We remarked he seemed more fit for the sick couch himself than to be preaching for another invalid. That Sabbath afternoon at my house will not be soon forgotten. In delightful confidence he told us of his work, his plans, his burdens, his need of rest, and specially of his heavenly hopes, for religion was so a part of his life that the theme came readily and freely to his lips.

Looking back now upon that life, I am persuaded his spiritual experience was the hiding of his power among men. His communion with God, so constant and true, more than any thing else, gave that sunniness and brightness to his character in which his friends so much rejoiced. He was an humble, consistent Christian; but he was more than that; he was a singing, rejoicing, triumphant Christian, and his confidence in God breathed through all his days.

We mourn to-day the close of a successful life. Success is not so common on earth, but that when found, the secret of it is worthy of our consideration, and first of all, his buoyant Christian heart was the secret of Dr. Clark's

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power. His heart was very magnetic. But there were remarkable intellectual elements also that contributed to his success. The work by which he will longest be known and best remembered is that of an editor, and in very rare measure he combined the qualities a good editor needs.

His mind had wonderful versatility. He could turn his pencil in quick succession to whatever the events of the day demanded, and on every subject could write with that keen appreciation and sympathy and fitness which are only within reach of a mind of natural buoyancy and sprightliness, trained to the best and ready exercise of its powers. If not remarkable for profundity, he never yielded to dullness. He had an unfailing fund of humor which sparkled in his columns. He had a great and generous heart, which throbbed in every paragraph. No acid ever clung to his pen. Though working against failing health, and the pressure of peculiar burdens, his words, whether spoken or written, were gleams of sunshine all the time. A profound and childlike Christian faith lit up all his life. He was one of those men who never needed to speak his confidence in God, for all his conduct was irradiated with it, and yet who never was weary of expressing by words as well as actions his trust in the love of God and his cheerful acquiescence in all God's ways. To the last he kept in his breast the heart of a boy, while he resolutely accepted burdens that would tax the courage of the strongest man. As the result of this happy union of qualities of mind and heart, Dr. Clark was a delightful editor, and few men were better appreciated or more heartily loved by the editorial fraternity. Not an unkind thought, not an unpleasant memory from his associates in kindred work will ever fall on that grave at Wellsville.

But Dr. Clark was useful in many directions. As a preacher he was fresh, keen, catholic, and always interesting. As a lecturer he was in frequent demand, and always left a wholesome impression on the mind of his

REMARKS OF DR. THOMPSON.

audience. As an author he was distinguished for a deep love of things beautiful in nature or human life, for high moral aim and for a transparent and beautiful style.

Take him all in all, he was, if not a great man, certainly a remarkable man, and his success in life affords the noblest example to young men. He began at the bottom. His early education was limited. Nevertheless he became an educated man in the very best sense of the word. His mind was disciplined and was always well in hand. He never was physically strong, but he performed a prodigious amount of work. By sheer faith and courage he fought his way along against adverse circumstances until, overflowing beyond his own denomination, he made his name familiar to every denomination and his work prized by intelligent people throughout the country. He gave an illustration which will long be prized and long be potent of the victories which a determined mind and a kindly heart can achieve in the face of many discouragements of feeble health and hampering circumstances.

And now he has entered upon his rest. The floral emblem here, in which that word "Rest" is uttered in flowers, is surely appropriate in this place. Those of us who knew him well, will remember how keen was his longing for some respite from toils he felt were wearing him out. When I would say to him, as I often did, "Doctor, you *must* rest," he would reply with a tired look, but a cheerful smile, "How can I. My hands are full. I can not let go."

Brave spirit, he has earned his rest. How sweet it is to thee to-day—that rest that remaineth for the people of God. Brave and sunny spirit, friend of the great heart, tender as a girl's, and strong as a prophet's, we leave thee to thy rest, and carry with us the memory of thy noble, generous Christian life.

"Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

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REMARKS OF DR. WHEELER.

Rev. Dr. Alfred Wheeler, editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, said:

MR. CHAIRMAN: My acquaintance with Dr. Clark was probably less than that of any one who will be called upon to speak to-day, and it is fitting that my words be few. I had not the honor of a personal acquaintance till three years ago, when I came to live in Pittsburgh. Since then, his frequent absence from the city, and my own, and full occupation while here, have prevented an intimate personal acquaintance. And yet, I may be permitted to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church as sympathizing with this branch of Methodism in the great loss that has overtaken her in the death of the accomplished editor of *The Recorder*, and as being a mourner at the grave of this leader of her hosts. It is not too much to say that the Methodist Episcopalians of the country, whatever may have been the strifes of 1824-'28, feel the deepest interest in the welfare of all the various branches of Methodism, and an interest minute enough to extend to each individual member of their communions. And, surely, it is not too much to say that no man among the different off-shoots of the parent stock commanded their respect and love more fully than Alexander Clark. Such was his genius that they admired him; such was his catholicity that they claimed him as one of themselves, though recognizing his fidelity to his own church, and honoring him for it; such the beauty of his character and purity of his life that they held him as the product of a common Christianity, and thus belonging to the Church General. Methodists mourn this day the loss of a skilled workman, stricken down while busily endeavoring to build up the temple of our Lord.

The special sympathies of the Methodist Episcopal

REMARKS OF DR. WHEELER.

Church are with you as a church, because of your special affliction, for she knows what it is to weep for her gifted ones because they are not. I know not what your estimate of your loss may be, but to me it seems like unto ours, when Bishop Thompson, the most finished man of American Methodism, lay down to die. Years have rolled by, and no one has come forward to fill the vacant place. We know not where to look for one to fill it to this day.

It is often said, the workmen die, but the work goes on. But does it go on so rapidly and perfectly and gloriously, when the skilled are compelled to pass the trowel over into the hands of the unskilled? I would not distrust the providence of God or question His ability to administer His kingdom, though He take His choicest to Himself; but neither would I estimate lightly the presence of those rare spirits that appear now and then in the Christian church, or the work they are commissioned to do. Their value, while toiling, struggling, heading, can not be told. Neither can we estimate aright the legacy they leave us, in thoughts, in deeds, in spirit, when they depart to come back no more. We have not found our Thompson yet; will you at once find another Clark? I will not call into question the ability of the men around me, co-adjutors of him who now sleeps so peacefully on the banks of the Ohio, but that church must be opulent in the gifted, if it can at once supply the place of such a man.

Others have spoken of his virtues and excellencies. There is one they omitted, if I read him aright, which I wish to mention. He seemed to me to be a man of great transparency of nature. You could see down into his heart forty fathoms deep. There appeared to be there no place for envy or malice, or intrigue. I doubt not he enjoyed the good opinion of men, the honors his brethren might bestow upon him, any considerations that might come to him from positions of influence. He would have been unfit for the work of the Christian ministers if he had not. But I

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think his soul would have rebelled against the thought of securing these at the extremity of intrigue, or desiring them, only as they might enable him to more successfully honor his Master, Christ. Sensitive he was, but it was not the sensitiveness of selfishness, but of that highly organized poetic nature which recoils from the charge of dishonor or evil-doing.

His intense activity has been spoken of as creating a passion for work. The taper was lighted at both ends, and met midway the journey of life. I admit it. But at another point, I can not agree with one that has preceded me. The intimation was that this passion for work and an ambition, not unlawful, were the explanation of his ceaseless labor. They doubtless had their part in fanning the flames that consumed the taper so speedily, but is there not an element of the explanation left out? He left not a dollar to his wife and children. This fact is mournfully suggestive. Could you, men of money, in the midst of your business activities, but stopped to consider what a fraction of your gains might have done, perhaps there might have been one less grave to-day; there might have been one more skillful reaper in the harvest fields.

But we endeavor to console ourselves with the thought that dying at forty-five, Dr. Clark had done the work of three-score years and ten. I can not admit this. With health firm and strength unabated, twenty years at least of the maturest, wisest work of life lay before him. No man can do as good work crowding that of a week into a day, or that of ten years into five. He wrought bravely, nobly, but not as perfectly as though a score of years more had been consumed in the effort. But those years were denied him, and he rests. He sleeps, and we may bid him good-night till the dawn cometh.

REMARKS OF DR. ALLISON.

REMARKS OF DR. ALLISON.

Rev. James Allison, D. D., editor of the *Presbyterian Banner*, said:

To-day, as on most funeral occasions, those most closely connected with the deceased by the ties of nature, or by the relations and pursuits of life, sit in silent sadness, with hearts too full to permit any expression by the lips. My long acquaintance with Dr. Clark, a similar vocation, and deep sympathy with him in the burdens he bore and the work he did, would entitle me to a place among them. The protracted character of these services, and the deep feelings of my heart will compel me to be brief. What I shall say concerning my long-cherished friend will be in that line in which I knew him best, and where I am fully persuaded he did his best work, though often interrupted and turned aside from it. I shall speak of him as an editor of a religious journal.

The editor, like the poet, must be, in a large degree, born. Intellectual ability, knowledge, and even force of character will not of themselves make an editor. There is need of a combination of qualities, which only meet in a few. Breadth of observation, quickness of perception, capability of instant decision, versatility of experience and facility of expression, all under the complete control of tact, are demanded in a very high degree. These qualifications, with the grace of God super-added, abounded in Dr. Clark as they are found in few. Had he lived longer, these peculiar gifts would have been more apparent, and their influence would have been more widely felt.

Peculiar difficulties lie in the way of one at the head of a religious journal, owned by a particular denomination, which very naturally and very properly requires it to be its organ. The editor has his idea of what such a newspaper should be, otherwise he is not fit for his position. The

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denomination, as a whole, has its idea of what its representative journal should be. And every man, woman and child, and especially every preacher, knows exactly what the publication should be, and how it can be made such. To make a paper that will come within the scope of all these ideals, embracing something of each, and doing violence to no one, is no easy task, but, difficult as it is, Dr. Clark succeeded as few have done.

Another difficulty in conducting the journal of a denomination widely dispersed abroad with a dense population no where, is to give it a local character, and yet make it acceptable to the entire church, both of which are necessary to insure complete success. The stability and power of a newspaper is very largely dependent on the support it receives, and the influence it wields in the community where it is published; and yet a denominational organ must also be comprehensive in its character, representing, in some sense, all the communities in which it circulates. In effecting these two objects in one paper, Dr. Clark manifested great soundness of judgment, and accomplished the object desired to a remarkable degree.

Our success in life depends not so much on the ability given, as on the manner in which it is employed. The character of our work is not regulated so much by the quality of our tools as by the way in which we use them. This is especially true of editorial work. There the way in which things are "put," marks success or failure. In the art of "putting things," Dr. Clark was, as is admitted by all competent judges, a master.

A most noticeable feature of the character of Dr. Clark, was his appreciation of kindnesses. In our long acquaintance, it was frequently my privilege, as an older man and a much older editor, to bestow certain courtesies incident to the place I occupy, on him, but they were never received without grateful acknowledgments, and in various ways they were much more than repaid.

REMARKS OF DR. WATKINS.

In his calling as an editor, as in everything else that he did, the pervading motive with Dr. Clark was to do good to men and glorify God. To this end he consecrated both body and soul; to this end he wore himself out while it was yet noon. Let it be our high ambition to serve God and our generation according to the strength and position we may have, as Dr. Clark did according to the ability given him and the place assigned him in the struggle of life. Then we may expect to be recognized as faithful servants, and to enter into our reward.

REMARKS OF DR. WATKINS.

Rev. W. B. Watkins, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sewickley, Pennsylvania, said:

The rapidly passing moments of the afternoon will not permit me to speak of my loved friend, Alexander Clark, as I would love to speak, and as my heart would prompt me. An acquaintance of eighteen years, which has ripened into the closest intimacy, enables me to speak of him in language of the most emphatic character. Our acquaintance began when we were pastors in the same town, and it was there that I learned to love and value him as I have scarcely learned to love and value any other. Another link that bound us together was this: We were brought to the Saviour under the ministrations of the same Christian minister, and learned from the same source to value the things of God.

No death that has taken place in our community for many years has produced so profound a sensation as that of his. All classes, all parties, all denominations, have joined in the general sorrow. A man of toil, a man of genius, a man of indomitable will, battling against physical weakness and disease, has been taken away. A man of noble heart, of kindly, Christian spirit, of decided poetic

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temperament, and of large Christian charity, has passed to his reward.

From a poor country boy, without the adventitious opportunities of education, and without wealthy parentage, working his way through difficulties that would have appalled even stouter hearts, he forced his way up almost to national recognition, became the friend of William Cullen Bryant, and the generally recognized intellectual head of his own religious denomination. He was essentially the friend of the poor and oppressed, and his theology, instead of fine-spun distinctions of theology, was largely made up from the sermon on the Mount.

Alexander Clark was a Christian gentleman. All the impulses of his nature were sympathetic and responsive. He knew no narrow sectarian bounds. Bishop Tuigg, on the one hand, joined in commending him to President Hayes, and Col. Ingersoll, on the other, declared him to be the fairest of opponents. His life was given to humanity. I do not believe the Methodist Protestant Church will allow his name to be forgotten. We can not pay him back now, but I believe the church will make his family comfortable and happy. He labored hard and never sought glory for his work. The genial, companionable, noble, righteous man is with us no more. He has gone to live forever with the Saviour. And standing here to-day, amid these solemn memorial services, as Col. Ingersoll stood beside his own brother, I do not say with him that no response comes from the stirless lips; but do as I think of him now, it is as a pledge and proof that

"Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love!"

LETTER FROM MRS. GOV. COLQUITT.

LETTER FROM MRS. GOV. COLQUITT.

The following tender and beautiful letter, from Mrs. Governor Colquitt, to Sister Clark, was then read by Rev. Dr. Murray:

ATLANTA, July 8, 1879.

MRS. CLARK—*My Dear Sister*: My heart is all sadness, in sympathy for you and your dear family for the loss of your husband. While I constantly had fears that he might not reach his home and loved ones again, I had hopes, too, that he would, and much cause for encouragement in this hope frequently. The joy he would evince when this hope would grow bright from favorable changes in his condition, made the submissive quietness with which he yielded when indications discouraged this hope most touching to me.

The wish to see the dear ones in the "River-side Home," often uttered in earnest words, but in the humble submissive spirit of God's child, showed him willing and obedient, without a murmur to his Heavenly Father's will. Throughout his whole sickness here, there was a beautiful illustration of the love of a Christian man for wife, children, home, church, friends, strangers, all, sanctified and purified by the love of Jesus. God sent us a blessing in sending your Christian husband to be with us. We love the memory of him, and miss him as one taken from our own family. The spirit with which he bore his sickness, the love and gratitude of his heart, was a sermon to all who witnessed it every day he was here. To say my heart is sad does not express all I feel. I want to weep and mourn with you. "Eddie" was a comfort to his father here, and also to us. Our hearts went with him on his sad journey home. May he be a blessing to his mother, and prove a worthy son of his sainted father. God bless you all. I hope some day to give you one of those warm grasps of the hand by which your husband so often evinced his love and gratitude, even when that hand was growing cold in death. Again and again, God bless you, is the prayer of your sympathizing friend,

S. B. COLQUITT.

The hymn:

"I am nearer my home to-day,"

as a solo and chorus was then sung by Mrs. C. C. Mellor and the choir, after which the services were concluded with the doxology and benediction.

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(Christian at Work, New York.)

It was sad news which was flashed over the wires from Atlanta, on Monday, that Rev. Dr. Alexander Clark, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, had been summoned from earth to heaven. Heaven is indeed the gainer, but earth is the poorer for such transition, for our friend's sun went down, suddenly went down, just as it had reached the zenith—the twilight darkness; nay, rather the morning twilight of the New Day flashed above his horizon and eclipsed the light of his earthly day at noon. The news *is* sad; it is sad for those who remain; and it is always sad when one is called away in the prime of life and the vigor of manhood, his life work, humanly speaking, unaccomplished. We can not, at this writing, sum up Dr. Clark's excellencies as we should like; but we may say he was a genial, loving, warm-hearted Christian gentleman. He was a magnetic man—a man who attracted others to him; he was the essence of sincerity, and if any one virtue predominated over others, it was that Charity which endureth all things and hopeth all things.

In the work to which his life was especially devoted, that of the editor of *The Methodist Recorder*, Dr. Clark reached the high-water mark of complete success. It is no reproach to others working in the same field to say that the Methodist Protestant Church has never had so good an editor as he, and where will it find his equal? He made

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his paper known throughout the country as an evangelical, spiritual paper—a helpful, restful, positive journal. He was a born editor, for successful editors, like poets and orators, are born, not made; and Dr. Clark was one of these. Our friend adds one more to the victims of overwork. This will be a surprise to some in his church who knew more about other matters than editing, and indulged the thought that he did not do sufficient editorial work. Had Dr. Clark been less conscientious in his work, had he supplied less of the products of his own brain, or been less thorough in the discharge of his duties, he would still be in the flesh. But it was not to be: while he was traveling in the sunny South he heard the Master's command, "Come up hither;" and now he has gone

Where the fields are of emerald glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.

Only last week we wrote of our now dead friend, "The trouble with Dr. Clark is that he works too much and rests too little. Prophetic words! *Siste viator!* Well has Sir Thomas Browne exclaimed, "Our very life is but a dream, and while we look around, Eternity is at hand."

(The Interior, Chicago.)

A prince among men has fallen. Alexander Clark, D. D., editor of *The Methodist Recorder*, at Pittsburgh, died on Sunday evening, at the residence of Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, in Atlanta. Not often have we the pain of recording the departure of a keener, brighter, nobler spirit. There are few such editors. His pen was as kindly and generous as a great heart could make it, as sharp and decisive as a courageous and clear-cut mind could determine. "None knew him but to love him." Brave soldier. He is at rest. He has fallen in the very midst of the conflict.

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The death of this beloved brother will be deeply mourned by all who are connected with the religious press, of whatever denomination. His noble heart embraced us all. He was an evangel of love, of good news, of pure and pleasant humor, of clear, beautiful and Christ-like thought, of charity which thought no evil, of unselfish helpfulness. We do not believe that he ever gave any human being pain, certainly not if he could avoid it. Nor did he fail to make all with whom he came in contact, as author, editor, pastor or friend, better and happier. Very much like Jesus, the Master, in personal life, and in the purity, elevation, sweetness and originality of his thought, was our dear Alexander Clark. May God most tenderly sustain and console his bereaved widow and orphaned children.

(Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.)

The death of Rev. Alexander Clark, D. D., deserves more than the passing mention already bestowed upon it. His character and life have lessons that deserve to be stated and enforced. Of kindly, congenial disposition, pliant, forbearing temper, he was naturally qualified to make friends. Broad and catholic in his religious sympathies, his usefulness was not confined to the denomination of his choice, but extended to other churches and denominations. Graceful and elegant in address, he was listened to by thousands, with profit and pleasure, in lectures and sermons. As an editor he was versatile and pleasant, and popular in the fraternity. His paper was fresh, readable and positive, and always right on current political questions. The significance of his life, however, was not in the natural qualities or ordinary labors we have mentioned. His career was remarkable, in that it was useful, despite adverse circumstances, which tended to hamper and discourage. He had a large and dependent family, was limited in his early educational advantages, and was

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necessitated, owing to the limited salary he received, to make outside and extraordinary efforts to earn money to meet his current needs. He was of feeble frame, often sick, and so struggled, amid the depressions of weakness and sickness, in his life-work.

Yet all these, in place of crushing, roused him to greater exertions, and caused, no doubt, the best work of his life. Lectures, books, sermons, and the editorials in his paper, testified to the unflagging industry of his life. Where others would have been depressed, he was inspired and aroused, and toiled on, giving forth those beautiful thoughts that will be cherished long after he is gone. With all this, he can hardly be regarded as a great man. His mind was not deep or profound, but versatile and active. His opportunities were not extraordinary, but only those that fall to the lot of all. Grace and ease were his literary characteristics, and in stories or books of travel these qualities were present in all his writings. Hence the impression made was not profound nor startling, but pleasant and agreeable. It was the constancy of his work, its noble aim and pure purpose that gave him the influence he wielded. An unflagging industry, joined to a sweet and lovable spirit, lifted him above the ordinary level, and gave him influence and power among men. He thus did a life-work of more than ordinary value, by simply plodding on in the sphere in which he happened to be placed. His example in this respect is of greatest value. In these days, when so many seek a short road to fortune and favor, by methods that are risky and dangerous, it is well to notice examples that show that success, in the sense of influence and good, can be reached by cheerful, plodding industry.

(Lynchburg Virginian.)

The death of Dr. Clark creates a void in the church and in the world, for, "Know ye not that a prince and a

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great man has fallen this day in Israel!" We, who knew him intimately, know how much genius and worth, gentleness and purity, have left the world with our departed friend. He was the embodiment of all that is lovely in human character, while his sanctified genius was devoted to the work of making men better for worlds. How strange it seems that one so young, so gifted, so abundant in labors, should thus be called away from the fields of his great usefulness! But we may not comprehend the inscrutable purposes of the Infinite Mind. Our friend "being made perfect in a short time, fulfilling a long time," for it is further written in the Book of Wisdom, "Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of days or is measured by number of years, but wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age."

(Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh.)

Dr. Clark was never possessed of firm health, and we hardly ever saw him when he was entirely well. Yet he was one of the most laborious men we ever knew. He seemed to be always preaching, always lecturing, always writing. He was a quick observer, deeply sympathetic. He had a fresh and vivid style, which always arrested attention, whether in the pulpit or on the printed page. Very frequently he preached in the pulpits of other denominations, where he was always welcomed; he was widely known as a lecturer; and his writings were not by any means confined to the journal of which he was editor. He was also the author of several popular volumes.

His disposition was most genial. He appreciated kindness at the hands of others, and he was always prompt to return it when opportunity presented itself. In conversation he was sprightly and entertaining, and wherever he went he was most cordially received. His piety was decided but unobtrusive. The aim of his life was to honor God and do good to his fellow-men. He leaves a

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wife and a large family of children, to whom we tender our sincere sympathies.

(Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.)

The death of Dr. Clark is a loss to the Christian church. The church with which he was identified in labor and life will feel it most severely, but it will not be confined to them. Our common Methodism will feel it. He was a fine specimen of that type of Christian character of which Methodism has been so prolific, and which has been one of her chief commendations to the world. But his influence was felt outside of Methodism, and its worth and ability recognized by the general church. He was one of the most affable and courteous of Christian gentlemen, a warm, true friend, an earnest advocate of everything pure and lovely, a man of broad charity and of fine talent for writing, and quite poetic as to its order, a gifted editor, a devoted minister of the Gospel. Such a man can not leave this world without his loss being felt deeply.

(Pittsburgh Leader.)

In the death of Rev. Alexander Clark this community loses one of the brightest clerical ornaments it ever had. Not that he was a great preacher. Neither in lung power nor in mental aggressiveness did he possess the elements of a Boanerges. But what he did possess, and that in an eminent degree, was the qualities of "sweetness" and "light," which a great writer has said comprises that which historically distinguishes the best Christians from the best heathens. Sincere and earnest, as he undoubtedly was in his ideas, he could yet impress, in a most remarkable way, those who most radically differed with him, with the belief that he loved and respected them. He had that charity for wrong belief which is so much rarer in this world than charity for wrong conduct; which, also, however, is rare enough. He had that frank hospitality for

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advanced ideas which Emerson says is the most useful attribute of the scholar. Yet withal he never let these guests carry away from him the religious principles on which his early faith was founded. He was a man who could shake Bob Ingersoll by the hand, and say that he respected him as a sincere infidel, and then kneel down by the side of a brother Methodist, and join in his simple prayer that the Lord would see fit to convert and use this grand infidel intellect in His own good service. Sweetness and light—those are the influences that his life has left in this community, both upon those who have heard his cultured tones in the pulpit and those who have read his graceful sentences in the press. Sweetness and light, chastened with sorrow, will fill the memory of those who knew him in genial personal intercourse and daily life. Sweetness and light surely await this good man gone to rest—beyond the stars.

(Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

The many thousands in whose memories the kindly features of Alexander Clark are photographed by a process more powerful than by any picture given by the sun, will mourn the death of a man whose greatest aim in life was to benefit his fellows. A man with ardent aspirations, with a generous spirit that reached out to all mankind, he found pleasure in what to many would have been toil and drudgery. He was a worker in the true sense of the word. It was not because his tastes were literary, or that he derived rare enjoyment in literary pursuits, that he availed himself of talents that have contributed to the pleasure and spiritual profit of thousands who have read his books, his sermons, and his best newspaper work, but because with him work of every sort was a regular discipline, and a means to an end—that end the aim of the true preacher, the glory of the Master, not the profit or advancement of Alexander Clark. There was a genuine ring in his sen-

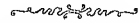
COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

tences—in his tones; there was as little of the base alloy in his composition as may be found in one among ten thousand manly men. An ardent lover of nature, appreciating her in her variable moods, he revealed the subtle sense that distinguishes the true artist. Had he not deemed it his duty to convey to his fellows his impression of the promises held out to all men, he would have been compelled, naturally, to depict nature in her most pleasing moods on canvas, or defined in musical measure, experiences which distinguishes the true poet from the poetaster. But with all his reachings and longings after the beautiful, this child of nature subjected his love of nature to the noblest purpose the human mind can conceive—the elevation of his fellows. With him, religion and nature went hand in hand. What his moral nature approved, and that only, he pointed out to his fellows. The very opposite to an ascetic, he brought to his daily task the exuberant spirits of a boy. That task was no light one. The details of newspaper work, summed up, are such drudgery as the man of literary tastes loathes. Not contented with laboring in this field faithfully, Alexander Clark was noted for his readiness to lend a helping hand to all who asked it. This accommodating spirit probably shortened his life. Had he cared more for himself—had he displayed more selfishness—his life, in all probability, would have been prolonged. But it was a favorite saying with him, when appealed to guard his health, that he would rather wear out than rust out.

(Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

There are some men who go through life winning in the most natural way kindly opinions from all who come in contact with them. Rev. Alexander Clark, whose death at Atlanta, Georgia, was announced yesterday, was one of these. While a most devoted and hard-working minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, his personal

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friendships and influence reached through all denominations. Whatever he said or wrote seemed to breathe a large, generous and gentle spirit, and that both by his speaking and writing he did much good can not be doubted. His motive power was simply wonderful; he was always working, and always in some good cause. Not until his health broke down did he seem to care for his own wants, and then when this man, rarely fitted by both mental and moral qualifications to adorn any position, applied to the Government for a third-class post abroad, where he might have a chance to recover, some professional politician got it. His death is sincerely regretted. He had bright talents, and appeared to do as much good and to scatter as many pleasant impressions and memories among his kind as any one could possibly do in his forty-five years. Such a life is a boon to the world. That of the deceased was, we believe, so appreciated, and will so be remembered by all who knew him.



ACTION

OF THE

BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Publication convened in special meeting this Monday morning, July 7th, at which the following minute was offered and adopted unanimously:

While with fear and hope intermingled, we have awaited, prayerfully, tidings from the sick chamber of our esteemed editor, Alexander Clark, yet the news this morning of his death saddens our hearts with the deepest sorrow. In the midst of a busy, useful life, far from home and loved ones, he has fallen "asleep in Jesus."

We sincerely lament the sad loss our Board has sustained in the death of Brother Clark. It is unnecessary, at this sad hour, to speak of the signal ability, versatile and varied accomplishments which he brought to the discharge of his responsible position. We refer with pride to the columns of *The Recorder*, they being impressive witnesses of the genius and Christian spirit of the man. The liberal, tolerant editor, the genial, loving and fraternal brother carries with him to the grave the love and respect of thousands of true friends. The paper, the denomination, the cause of Christ and humanity, everywhere, have lost a valiant Christian worker. Our sympathies and warmest feelings go out to the widow and children of our dear friend. May a loving Father sustain them.

We desire, also, to express our deep sense of gratitude toward the many friends who have so kindly cared for the deceased while lying sick in the far, sunny South, and especially to His Excellency, Governor Colquitt, and wife. May God reward the loving brethren and sisters in Atlanta.

The President and Secretary of the Board, with the Publishing Agent, were directed to arrange for the funeral services.

WILLIAM P. HERBERT, Secretary.

HEAVENLY PLACES.

Dr. Clark's last Newspaper Contribution, as written for the
"Illustrated Christian Weekly."

One of our Lord's latest utterances, while upon the earth, was an assurance that He would prepare places for His loved ones. This preparation of heavenly dwellings is our Redeemer's employment now. He is building and making ready the abodes of the blessed. The Creator of worlds prepares places for the righteous. The divine house-furnishing will be complete and beautiful indeed.

Here, we cleave to these earthly homes. We enlarge and reconstruct them; we renovate them; we paint them and brighten them, only to see them shadowed again. They soon fall out of repair. They crumble down as the years go by. And yet we cling to these earthly dwelling-places. We rebuild and ornament them; we rest down in them; we love them. They have been fitted and refitted until they seem exclusively our own. For years and years we linger about them. But, inevitably, they change; and we change also. The most substantial structures that men build, like men their builders, crumble into dust. The very granite perishes; and the snowy marble melts away like snow. Our bodies are but clay. But the soul is immortal. And for the undying soul there is promised an undying body. There shall be "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

HEAVENLY PLACES.

The child of God must have a mansion built of something more enduring than clay, or granite, or marble. For the everlasting life, and its range of bliss, and spiritual possibility and beauty, our Redeemer Himself, the builder of worlds, by whom all things were made, prepares places in the Father's house.

We are only short-lease tenants here. We shall be perpetual residents yonder. We are pilgrims and strangers now. We shall be citizens by-and-by. We are but wanderers on the earth. We shall be full-suffraged and at home when we enter our inheritance of the skies.

When our dear ones depart from us here, they go to places prepared for them. They are not spiritual waifs afloat on some ethery sea. They have not intruded in some celestial company. Surprises are this side the grave, and not beyond. While they whom we loved, and who loved the Lord, were preparing for heaven by all educational and spiritual processes, heaven, by an order as positive as that which marked the Eden paradise, was preparing places for them. There has been, concerning the dead, neither surprise, nor alarm, nor accident, nor mystery.

Dear friend, you may have followed a darling to the tomb. The funeral is over. The coffin is covered; the sad procession of mourners is broken and scattered. The green grass creeps over the yellow clay. Nature without is radiant and redolent of a new creation. The hills that rim the cemetery round about are arrayed in verdure. The skies are bright with invitations upward into the land of the living. If the flowers and little blades of grass about our feet may rise out of the frozen ground, in answer to the resurrection trumpets of the summer—rise, clad in such splendor as we see, overcoming all that winter holds; and all that winter means—how much more shall our dear dead, who die in the Lord, the blessed of the Father, arise, renewed, transfigured, and all triumphant over Death's cold reign, enter, singing and smiling, into everlasting life.

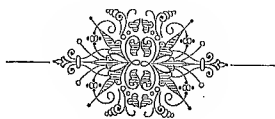
HEAVENLY PLACES.



The resurrection power is mightier than all Death's forces, and stronger than all downward gravitations; for Jesus rose from the grave and ascended into the heavens. The hands which unbarred the tomb are the same hands which prepare places for the saints in the Father's house.

The home-going of the children of God, what a glorious rising! The everlasting doors are lifted up! The King of glory leads the way. As He who made all worlds fits up the heavenly dwelling-places, every soul shall have a perfect home. He knows the capacity of every believer. He knows the family history. He knows, blessed be His name! He came all the way down to the furthest and lowest of us all, and He knows. For every redeemed faculty He will prepare a place; for every sanctified affection a place; for every distinct soul a place, a holy, eternal abode; and surely as He promised it shall be done.

Are we preparing here for the places our Lord is preparing for us there?



FIFTY YEARS.

The following poem was penned by Dr. Clark during his last sickness, and enclosed, with the accompanying letter, to a friend in Pittsburgh:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, June 13, 1879.

DEAR CHARLIE: I am mending but slowly. Still in physicians' hands. . . . I am forbidden to write, yet I could not help but send something for the Semi-Centennial of the dear old First Church. Please hand to Dr. Murray or committee of arrangements, and, if worthy, let my verses be read as my contribution. I have written in great pain.

Affectionately,

ALEXANDER CLARK.

FIFTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE FIRST METHODIST
PROTESTANT CHURCH, PITTSBURGH, PA., JUNE, 1879.

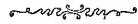
I.

Fifty years! 'Tis earthly measure,
Pulsing wearily always;
But in heaven where all is pleasure,
Lapsing eras are as days.

II.

Fifty years! If slow, 'twas sorrows
Dragged their heavy wheels along;
When men rise to work, to-morrows
Time the music of a song.

FIFTY YEARS.



III.

Fifty years! The world bears witness
How the Gospel honors man,—
How each voting soul gets fitness
Working into God's own plan.

IV.

Fifty years! And Freedom's voices
Seemed a low song in the night;
Now, the Church aloud rejoices
In the music of the Right.

V.

Fifty years! In Church and Nation,
Jubilee is in the air!
Bonds are broken, and Salvation
Blows her bugles everywhere.

VI.

Fifty years! O throng, one-hearted,
Passed away in Jesus' love!
What a host! our own departed,
Standing in the courts above!

VII.

Fifty years! Let lamps be burning,
And our armor burnished bright;
Toward bonds no more returning,
Moving heavenward in the light.

VIII.

Fifty years! They linger only
One by one, the Pioneers;
War-worn vet'rans, silent, lonely,
Waiting till their Lord appears.

IX.

Fifty years! The time is flying!
Sound the trumpets of our God!
Truth is not afaint, nor dying,—
Life eternal dawns abroad.



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